

Rice University  
THE SHEPHERD SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
Friday, March 31, 1978  
Hamman Hall  
4:00 p.m.

SSM  
78.3.31  
HOB

GRADUATE RECITAL

Richard Hobson, composition

PROGRAM

Rondo for Piano (1977)

Anne Walters, piano

Whence Then Comes Wisdom (1976)

Annetta Vaughn, alto	Barbara McCoy, piccolo
Drake Mabry, English horn	Randall Turgeon, horn
Richard Hobson, conductor	

Sonata for Flute and Piano (1976)

Introduction  
Andante, Allegretto  
Prelude, Fugue

Richard Hobson, flute  
Laura Gordy, piano

Intermission

Four Songs of Occasional Uncles (Timothy Dekin) (1977)

Evanne Browne, soprano  
Charles Mallory, piano  
Greg Garcia, bass

Concertino for Viola and Five Instruments (1977)

Gayle Garcia, viola	Greg Garcia, bass
Randall Clack, E-flat Clarinet	Richard Hobson, alto flute
Randall Turgeon, horn	Philip Lindsey, piano
Kenneth Long, conductor	

Mr. Hobson is a student of Ellsworth Milburn.



PROGRAM NOTES

(Richard Hobson, Grad. Comp. recital)  
3/31/78

Rondo for Piano was composed in the fall of 1977 as a wedding gift to my friends Bob and Gweth Holzmann, to whom the piece is dedicated. I call this a character piece, the various sections, (which are played without pause), each depicting a specific musical character. This is the work's premiere performance.

Whence Then Comes Wisdom was completed in December of 1976. The text is the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Job, often called the "hymn on the inaccessibility of wisdom." This composition is dedicated to my parents.

Sonata for Flute and Piano was composed in the Summer and Fall of 1976 and premiered in November of that year in Cincinnati, Ohio. "Introduction" consists of an opening somber idea employing the use of flute multiphonics, contrasted by a second, bolder motive. The entire "Andante, Allegretto" is a variation and development of the opening theme stated in the flute. "Prelude" is twelve-tone composed, the tone row then becoming the subject of the fugue. This piece is dedicated to my flute teachers for many years, Robert and Joan Cavally.

Four Songs of Occasional Uncles was completed in May of 1977. The texts are from a sequence of ten poems by Timothy Dekin entitled "Occasional Uncles." The sequence poems used for these songs are, in order, numbers 1, 3, 6, and 8. This is the first complete performance of these songs.

Timothy Dekin was born in New York in 1943 and later attended as a student and taught as a Jones lecturer at Stanford University. "Occasional Uncles" is published by the Knife River Press, Duluth, Minnesota, and has been published in Poetry, Southern Review, Poetry Nation Review (England), St. Stephan's (Ireland), and other magazines. Mr. Dekin is currently studying and teaching at the University of Cincinnati.

I. So warm we opened up the house today.  
The lilacs had come out. I named and took  
Lupine and ferns, a blue flower with a white  
Eye in its pit-Brunnera in the book.

We worked together. Face to face, we washed  
The cabin windows, rubbing contrariwise.  
Cutting through weather, grease, we made almost  
Invisible the glass between our lives.

The woods grew quiet and the sun slowed down.  
Silent and thoughtless, with nothing to resist,  
We were healing, and didn't try to talk.  
I saw heavy with light upon my wrist,

Each hair swing slowly with my polishing.  
Then drawn by forces I cannot describe,  
Lifted from being over redwood plains,  
Through burning glass, I entered your dark eyes.

That evening when the neighbor's girl came over  
She did not mention as she usually will  
The dark character she fears inside the shower  
That lives down in the drain, and causes ill.



II. It is

The secrets  
Of other women.

It is the sound  
Of a night train growing faint  
Beyond our room.

It is being  
Between points always,  
Or out of breath arriving.

It is 4 A.M.  
And you have hidden the car keys  
For my own good.

III. Street lights already on at four  
The garbage spilled by dogs, and rain,  
And too soon after the last one

I have a hangover again.  
I suffer from my memory.  
We never learn. Expecting to  
We spoil what we do anyway.  
Forgiving ourselves as we have to,  
We stay the same. Thirty almost.

I feel my life start downhill here;  
I feel like going to a movie,  
Convincing as my life, as long,  
And in the anonymous dark,  
A witness, being entertained.

IV. Dear Tim: your son is struggling in his dream.

The passing cars illuminate the walls  
An instant, then the darkness settles back.  
I shouldn't write now, not when it's so late,  
When my need almost hears your step sometimes.  
I should know better and outlast these moods,  
As you said often, though you lived by yours.

You couldn't stay home three nights in a row.  
I'd hear beams wince softly as you paced,  
Your study closing in, the pages dead,  
With nothing to look forward to but me,  
And my undressing, familiar as your own;  
We two together in one time and place,  
Each other's limit and antagonist.

I think about you. I don't know what's best.  
I need a husband, not another child.  
Some other man may come to warm me here,  
To warm his hands, to keep the child and me,  
Then your son, with your looks, will grow like him,  
And our old life will be a passing thought.  
If you come home now, keep remembering.

Concertino for Viola and Five Instruments was completed in December of 1977.

The piece is in four sections, played without pause-Appassionato, Scherzo, Andante, and Presto. In many ways the piece attempts to reminisce through a contemporary musical language the gestures of the nineteenth-century concerto. A premiere performance. RFH